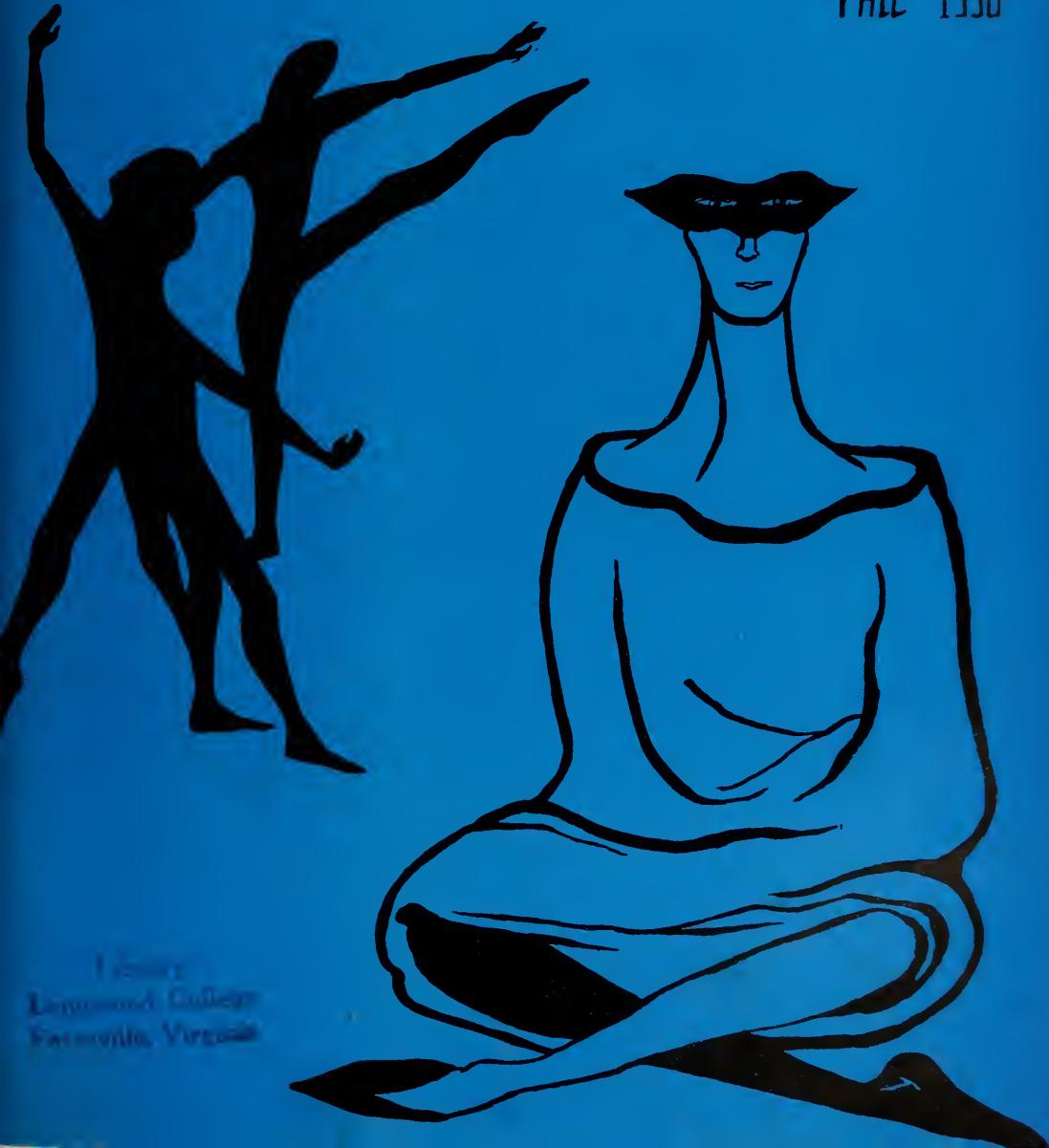


COLONNADE

FALL 1958



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The Colonnade

LONGWOOD COLLEGE

Farmville, Virginia

Vol. XXII

Fall, 1958

No. 1

A Thought—

Have you had one lately? If not, we hope the contents of this magazine will aid you in thinking by giving you something to think about. We are not concerned with what you think, either positively or negatively. The important thing is . . . THINK. There is a tendency among people to accept a story, poem, or essay as something to read but not to think about. They often classify a writing as bad if it does not have a philosophy which is acceptable to the reader. We must realize that it is often the purpose of a writer to create a negative reaction in order to get across his point.

In this magazine the authors of the material have written in various modern and traditional styles, in order to arouse thought. The expounded thoughts and situations are not necessarily the thoughts or beliefs of the authors. They are merely using some of the greatest of the thought-provoking mediums—poetry, modern fiction and the comparative essay.

The power of thought is, in itself, a great medium pertaining particularly to the human race. It is a shame we don't use it more often.

NANCY LEE BRUBECK, *Editor-in-Chief.*

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LAMENTS I AND II

By ALYCE SOMERVILLE

I

I walked beside the mourning sea
And listened to the weeping wind
Sing hymns of sorrow to the night
As dawn the peace of night did rend.

The mountains shivered in the light.
The dying leaves fell on earth's face.
I wandered over all the land
Searching for a joyous dwelling place.

II

Once the earth was full of joy,
Longing to give birth.
Life was given then to me:
I am the child of mirth.

Alone I walked upon the earth.
Fate upon me smiled.
To bear another was my task.
Sorrow is my child.

PIGEONS ON THE GRASS ALAS

by Judy Harris

I started thinking about the birds as soon as I stepped from the terminal into the street. I knew the people on the subway had reminded me of something—crowded, all fighting for a seat, and each one with his own distinct odor, a musty smell like a pile of damp feathers. And now the birds; here they are, a flock of them running around the street and in the gutter, all oblivious to the people and noise around. I wanted to kick one, but the thought gave me a sad feeling as though I would be harming an ignorant child. Well, the birds *are* ignorant. And so are people. Then, I saw two pigeons fighting for the same piece of garbage, and I thought of my plan again.

I have been sad too long now; I have been worrying about the people, but doing nothing. I am so tired; I feel as though death is near me, but I must complete my plan before I die. I don't want to die, but I can't think of that now. I must think of my book. I am a great man, and I must write my book and explain life to these ignorant birds. Otherwise they will never know. They never question in a world that is full of questions. They may be satisfied, but those birds in the gutter are too. They are without minds, just surface, a crust of dead, futile earth that has never been turned. Everything seems futile and indefinite. Except death; death is final.

But why do I keep thinking of death? I must think of life and the people now, for I am going to teach them. But life is evasive, and these people are stupid; they have no curiosity. They won't listen. Bach has made life as clear as a mathematical equation, but they won't learn from music. They listen, but they won't hear. I must tell them and make them hear. People are like the birds in the street; they don't think; they live by instinct. And they are stupid.

I can see my apartment house now, and there are children playing in the street by it. But what is a house? What is a child? I am going



to write a book! It will be the Very Greatest Book. The Only Book. The Only Book of Life. Yes. But what is life? And where? Why does it have to hide from me? I am so tired; I have searched everywhere and in every man, but those who say they understand my search are no nearer the secret than I am. The others don't care. They are all asleep. They live in a dream of God and little children and singing birds, but they won't stop to realize that these things are the epitome of absolute nothing!

But will there be time to show them? Maybe I will die before I wake, and the stupid people will live on in their ignorance. I must not die; I am the Teacher, and I have not found the answer yet. Who is there to tell me when to die? God? The people have a god, but only because they are scared. They use their god so they won't have to think. God is their answer to everything they don't understand. He is just a habit, an excuse. But can God explain death to them? Or life? Can they explain

(continued on page 13)

COMMONPLACE AND LEGEND

The rain rages in staccato
Against the roof.
Gasps in the gutter,
And gnaws at the defeated grass.

The wind scratches the skin
Of feeble leaves,
And gnashes at the windows
Of stodgy old houses that
Echo
In a harpsichord quaver.

The people move
Grimly
In the street
Like a shrouded procession
Of harpies and gargoyles
With a yellowing love
For life and element.

However it is told—

London's winds curl
Lilacs into lyres.

The trees of Chantilly
Lift their leaves
Like flagons
To the rain.

Spanish castle walls
Shimmer crystalline
And ring as purely
As small prisms
Falling together.

The Africans
Laugh liquidly
Until it spills over into
A river of mirth
To match the medley
Of the rains.

LA VERNE COLLIER

The Laughter of Little Children

by Kay Howard

"The world is going to end tomorrow," Timmy announced. The grin on his dirty little face made it evident that he was not at all aware of the meaning of his statement. Rather, he sensed the spell he had cast on his miniature audience and he hurried on. "The devil is goin' to put matches in that iron mushroom down by the lake and burn up all the animules and peoples and mommies and daddies and Indians and everythin'!" At this point he hesitated, grinning at the awe-stricken five-year-olds before him.

"It won't burn me up, Timmy, 'cause I'm big!" retorted a mud-splattered little girl. Her chubby chin was set in indignation, but her eyes were wide with fright.

"Yes it will. It sure will!" he shouted. "And you can't do nothin' about it."

"She could put water on her and then the fire couldn't get her. That's what I'm goin' to do," said a freckled face.

"An angel could come get her," spoke up a thoughtful lad. The last remark seemed to satisfy the little girl. Her face brightened. She turned her attention from Timmy to pig-tails matted with dried mud and red ribbons.

Timmy shrugged off his opposition and continued. After all, what did they know? They never listened to his daddy speak in church. They always giggled, but Timmy listened. That is, he listened most of the time. Sometimes he squirmed in his seat while his mind drifted to other things—spacemen and Indians and things.

Timmy cocked his head, thought a moment, and plunged on—"God and all his angels is goin' to blow and blow at the big fire, but the angels are little and they'll fall down in the clouds 'cause they'll get tired and won't have no more breath. Then God is goin' to call all his people and tell them to climb lots of stairs and everybody'll have to wear space helmets 'cause the stairs'll be high up in the clouds—high as space ships go."

This was too much for the little girl in pig-tails, and she blurted out in the silence which had fallen among her playmates, "How do you know that, Timmy Cox?"

"I know that 'cause my daddy said that in church. He said that people who was strong could climb up all the stairs, but if you was weak 'cause you'd been bad, then you'd fall down in the fire and burn forever. You're goin' to burn forever 'cause you are bad. You never listen to my daddy when he talks in church."

Tears made furrows down the little girl's cheeks. "I try to listen, Timmy, but your daddy talks too long and says big words and sometimes he hollers and scares me. I'll listen next time—I promise. Tell your daddy that I'll listen next time."

"Yeah. O.K. I'll tell 'm and he'll send an angel to get you. My daddy and God are real good friends 'cause my daddy saves souls and is pretty important. I bet my daddy is the most important man . . ."

A woman's voice called from a doorway. "Timmy! Come and wash for dinner." Timmy forgot his speech-making and obediently ran to wash for dinner.

The sun was almost down. The sky was darkening. The trees which enclosed the Cox's cottage swayed gently in the breeze. There was always a breeze at this time of day; it crept up from the lake. But the sky was darkening more rapidly than usual and the breeze was becoming more of a wind. The trees around the cottage began to rock and whistle eerie tunes. They wound around in little circles, occasionally slapping against window panes—tap—tap—tap.

Little Timmy ate his dinner and watched Zorro until his mother coaxed him off to bed. It was easy for Timmy to fall fast asleep with a rhythmic tapping at the window and the steady beat of rain on the roof. It wasn't long before Timmy was lost in dreams of candy mountains and ice cream houses, or was it a dream of big brown bears and spiders?

The tapping at the window became a pounding and the rain could no longer be heard above the thunder. Timmy slept. Occasional flashes of lightning lit up his sleeping form. Rain spilled itself through his window and onto a

(continued on page 18)

THE CHASE

With elusive swish
of tail feathers
you taunt;
your wings swell their width again.
I smile at the stroke
of your feathers
moving across
the strings
of my being,
plucking full-noted rhapsodies
with a sleek wing.
Only your glide vibrates
those wires
stretched between
soul and heart,
making
orderly conversation
out of the chords.
Seizing your soft body,
feeling the flutter of muscles,
Hearing your subtle music,
I sing out
syllables
swathed in silk.
With time
the cage
of my fingers
lengthens
into claws,
while you become
a skeleton
of fragile bones and skin
spread
parchment—thin
with life liquid
dripping
through the tissues
gripped
by greedy fingers.
In frenzy I try
to blow life
into your frail structure,
but it
shatters
into a pile of
ragged paper and splinters.
Then I spit out
tasteless words
edged in sand.

LAVERNE COLLIER

LEFT ALONE

by Bonnie Mann

The snakes are all over the place—climbing up my legs, wrapping their long slimy bodies around me. I can feel their cold clamminess against my skin. Why don't they go away? God, I wish they'd go away! I haven't done anything to deserve this. I have always been good. I do everything Mama tells me. I do everything Bob says. There are no children. I always wanted children; I deserve children—little children, climbing up my legs and wrapping their fat, little arms around me. Oh God, I wish they'd go away! Sometimes they do, but they always come back. I remember the first day they came. Mama comes to the house every day. Bob likes Mama. The snakes came that day—they came after the last day mama came and it wasn't my fault. I don't like blood! The snakes like blood. They come when they know it is there. They came after me that day and carried me here.

Sometimes a man comes and looks at me. He is a sad man. Sometimes he touches me—like the snakes. I was beautiful once. I was a princess—I lived in a beautiful palace. They have taken everything. The witch was there—the prince was there, too. And then, the witch went away and the snakes came. There must be a thousand or more. Sometimes they bite me; I die, but I wake up and they are gone; then they come back. I fight and fight, but they always bite me. *Ha!* They tickle, they tickle—they slide up my legs and down my arms and they tickle—*ha!* I was the most beautiful thing. I knew I was beautiful. The king said I was beautiful—but the witch was ugly, ugly, *ugly!* She was too ugly to be here. The snakes are on my arms and legs—I can't move. They are white now. Maybe they are dead. No! No! They are rubbing on my head—they are squeezing me—I can't breathe. God! I can't breathe.

The witch hated me; she talked and talked. She always talked. She took everything. *She* did it and *he* liked her. He talked and talked to her and never to me. He brought her things. I only have snakes. Sometimes I think I like the snakes. They rub my head—they feel cool on my head—but they get in my hair! Now I



am ugly like the witch. I look like the witch; I have many arms and legs—I have too many arms and legs. My eyes are black and I am hard—hard like a—a—*table!* I feel like a table. The table was in between us, but it didn't matter—the witch is gone now. It was a beautiful table; now it is stained and ugly. Everything was beautiful before the witch came, but I was the most beautiful of all. Mama took my doll away—I wasn't a big girl—I cried. I was a little girl. I want my doll. It was black and narrow there where the witch put me. There were things hanging over my eyes—I couldn't breathe—the walls closed in on me and squeezed me.

I had a little kitten—it was an ugly little kitten with no tail—it was gray and brown with sad green eyes. It loved me—it just sat there, looking, with its sad green eyes, and then it looked no more. There was a tree by the stream—the tree had no leaves and the stream had no water—my beautiful palace was beside the stream—I looked from the palace window at the tree and cried because the witch was there. She wore a black dress and she had a broomstick, but her nose was not long and pointed. It was short, flat and piggish.

(continued on page 13)

LAWRENCE THE PROPHET

by M.

In 1913, D. H. Lawrence published the final version of his third novel, *Sons and Lovers*. In the opinion of several critics, Lawrence was not at that time familiar with the teachings of the German psychologist, Sigmund Freud. If this is the case, it may be assumed that those evidences in the novel of the mother-son relationship, which, Freud labeled the Oedipus complex, were Lawrence's own conclusions upon the subject, independent of the Freudian theory prevalent at the time. However, the interest which psychoanalysts showed in *Sons and Lovers* after its publication led Lawrence himself into a study of Freudianism. His subsequent rejection of Freud's basic theories is an important element in the interpretation of Lawrence's own work.

Before we enter into any discussion of Lawrence's disagreement with Freud, it will perhaps be helpful to quote the author's own summary of *Sons and Lovers*, which he wrote in a letter to Edward Garnett of November 14, 1912.

A woman of character and refinement goes into the lower class, and has no satisfaction in her own life. She has had a passion for her husband, so the children are born of passion, and have heaps of vitality. But as her sons grow up, she selects them as lovers—first the eldest, then the second. These sons are urged into life by their reciprocal love of their mother—urged on and on. But when they come to manhood, they can't love, because their mother is the strongest power in their lives, and holds them . . . As soon as the young men come into contact with women there is a split. William gives his sex to a fribble, and his mother holds his soul. But the split kills him, because he doesn't know where he is. The next son gets a woman who fights for his soul—fights his mother. The son loves the mother—all the sons hate and are jealous of the father. The battle goes on between the mother and the girl, with the son as the object. The mother gradually proves the stronger, because of the tie of blood. The son decides to leave his soul in his mother's hands, and, like his elder brother, go for passion. Then the split begins to tell again. But, almost unconsciously, the mother realizes what is the matter and begins to die. The son casts off his mistress, attends to his mother dying. He is left in the end naked of everything, with the drift towards death.

The similarity between Lawrence's story—"The son loves the mother—all the sons hate and are jealous of the father"—and Freud's conception of the Oedipus complex is quite obvious. However, according to Freud, the

Oedipus situation is based upon an unconscious incest-striving, which is in turn an outgrowth of infant sexuality. Freud further insisted that both incest-striving and infant sexuality are natural stages of human growth and that the inhibition of these instincts is the basis of all neuroses.

According to Frederick J. Hoffman in *Freudianism and the Literary Mind*, Lawrence's rejection of the Oedipus situation is based upon a misinterpretation of this theory. ". . . it is a mistake to claim that (Freud) advocated the fulfillment of the incest-craving as a means of cure. The object of analysis is neither to find incest in the patient's infantile sex life nor to pronounce one or another sort of moral judgment upon it. It is chiefly to point out the impracticability of incest as a regulating factor in the patient's life. Implicit in Lawrence's criticism is the error of the lay critic, who believes that Freud opposes inhibitions; he does not countenance incest as a means of releasing man from the inhibition of his incest-craving, but suggest sublimation, re-direction, and reformation of one's conscious controls over the early sex life."

Lawrence was aware that Freud considered the inhibition of incest-craving to be a universal human instinct. But, since in Lawrence's opinion any inhibition which causes neurosis and insanity is wrong, the emphasis which psychoanalysts place upon the Oedipus situation is also wrong. Therefore, Lawrence rejected the letter of the Freudian incest-striving theory, although he was willing to admit to the existence of the mother-son relationship as it appears in his own work.

How, then, in the light of Lawrence's rejection of Freud, are we to interpret the Oedipus situation in *Sons and Lovers*? Lawrence would have it that the reciprocal affection of Mrs. Morel and her sons is merely the "tie of blood," of kinship. However, Lawrence himself refers to them as her "lovers," and no such strong

AND FREUD: AND THE ORACLE

rkman

affection appears to exist for the daughter, Annie. Furthermore, it is only their relations with other women which causes conflicts between the mother and her sons. In other activities—their work, their attempts to get on in the world—Mrs. Morel aids and encourages them. It is only the women whom she fears and whom she is jealous. Her patent disapproval of William's fiancee and the mental conflict which grows out of it sends that young man to an early grave. When she transfers her devotion to the second son, Paul, the same situation arises, although in this instance the conflict succeeds in wearing down and killing the mother rather than the son.

Although the portrait of Mrs. Morel in *Sons and Lovers* is generally a sympathetic one, there is something frightening, almost horrible in her selfish determination to hold her son's affection in order to make up for the husband whom she has cast off. She is distrustful of Paul's relationship with his childhood sweetheart, Miriam, and accuses the girl of being "one of those who will want to such a man's soul out till he has none of his own left . . . She will never let him become a man; she never will." This is reasonably accurate criticism of Miriam. Ironically, however, it may also be applied to Mrs. Morel herself. The tragedy of *Sons and Lovers* is not the bitterness of a broken love affair between Paul and Miriam or Paul and Clara. It is, rather, the tragedy of a mother's over-protective, over-affectionate attitude toward a sensitive and adoring son, which deprives him of a normal relationship with another woman.

It would seem, then, despite Lawrence's denials, that the Oedipus situation is implicit in *Sons and Lovers*. And, although the incest motive is never actually recognized in the novel, it is manifest in Lawrence's physical, almost sensual expression of the affection between Paul and his mother. In the light of the knowledge that the earlier part of the novel is largely

autobiographical, it is not surprising that Lawrence would choose to reject the Freudian concept of the Oedipus situation. Incest is always a repugnant subject, particularly when it carries personal connotations.

Lawrence's quarrel with Freudian theory goes far beyond his disagreement with the basic Oedipus situation. The difference between the creative artist and the interpretive scientist is essentially one of attitude or point of view. In the case of Lawrence and Freud, the difference is pointed and obvious. According to Mr. Hoffman in *Freudianism and the Literary Mind*, the basis of Lawrence's criticism of Freud is part and parcel of Lawrence's vitalistic philosophy of life. Lawrence himself attempted to defend his position in several essays, notably, *Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious*.

In Freud's theory, the Unconscious is the repository of those basic drives which he has labeled the *pleasure principle*. The conflict between man's instinctual desire for pleasure and the reality of the external world results in such mental and emotional disturbances as neurosis and insanity. Through the practice of psychoanalysis, Freud hoped to bring these repressed desires into the light of the Conscious mind and thereby cure the disturbance of the individual. Lawrence strongly objected both to the spirit and the letter of Freudian psychoanalytic theory. First of all, his definition of the Unconscious is quite different from that of Freud. To Lawrence, the true Unconscious is the well and source of vital life. Freud tells us that it is the inhibition of the pleasure principle in the Unconscious which cripples the mental and emotional processes. Lawrence would have it that it is the *mind*, inhibited by the narrow mental and emotional attitudes of modern civilization, which has succeeded in crippling and enfeebling the Unconscious.

Lawrence objected to psychotherapy on the grounds that any conscious realization of the processes of the Unconscious tends to restrict and limit the vitality of the Unconscious. He classed psychoanalysis with modern science—which he loathed because it represents a denial of man's real, vital interests—and condemned

(continued on page 16)

Psycho

A practical test
Study these patterns
turn to page



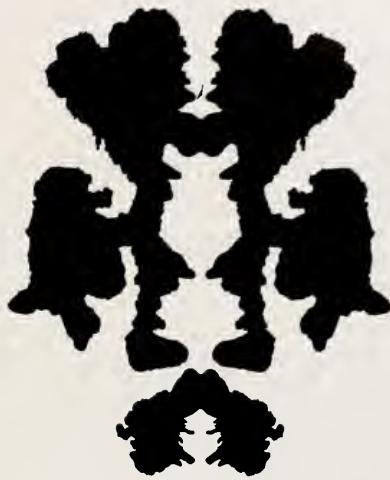
A



B

analysis?

normal people.
blots; then
for your test.



E



D

PSYCHOANALYSIS?

Choose one of each of the following ink blot descriptions.

Ink Blot A

1. Umbrellas.
2. Coat-of-Arms.
3. Two poodles and a pekingese.

Ink Blot B

1. Two log rollers who just bumped into each other.
2. Two genies arguing over who gets the binoculars.
3. "Take me to your leader." (Upside down.)

Ink Blot C

1. A boxer with cauliflower ears.
2. A headless football hero. (Upside down.)
3. "What, me worry?"

Ink Blot D

1. The new silhouette for 1960 .
2. Two martians fighting over which way to take the turtle.
3. Siamese elves trying to figure out how to get in a tank suit.

Ink Blot E

1. Two Russians with monkeys on their backs.
2. Daniel Boone with his nose pressed against a mirror.
3. "Momma says we have to apologize for spilling that ink."

Evaluation of Results

If you had 1, 2, 3, 2, 1:

You always follow given patterns, and with a little persuasion you could develop a case of pseudomania. A case such as this would most likely originate in a person taking an overdose of methods classes.

If you had 3, 2, 1, 3, 2:

You are individualist and do everything backwards. You are probably also a victim of psychrolusia (cold bathing) which develops when one lives in a college dormitory.

Summary:

If you thought all of these were ink blots, you are the only normal person around and I suggest you play dumb. They would banish us, you know.

Helpful Hints For English 211-212

(ENGLISH SURVEY)

(Note: This handy guide was created by a graduate of English 211-212 who received an "A" on the course. Any resemblance to a Longwood course or professor is purely intentional).

General Do's and Don'ts

DON'T:

1. Open window before Professor enters classroom. Professor is unhappy and frustrated if he cannot do this for himself.
2. Snicker when Professor sits down behind desk, presses fingertips together, looks over class and says "Hum!". This is a habit of many years' standing which endears Professor to all who know him.
3. Cry or become angry when Professor makes sarcastic remark. Professor respects those who can "take it."
4. Read assignments before class. Professor prefers fresh, novel interpretations which must be created on the spot.

DO:

1. Talk about *MAD* magazine whenever possible. Professor is a *MAD* fan.
2. Purchase a textbook and write copious, illegible notes in margin.
3. Argue spiritedly over any point or interpretation which comes up in class. Professor loves intellectual discussions.
4. Join the *Colonade* staff. This impresses Professor with your sincere interest in literary activities.
5. Go to Professor's office occasionally for heart-to-heart chat. This impresses Professor with your sincere desire to pass the course.
6. Inquire frequently about health of Professor's child(ren). This creates friendly relationship.
7. Offer to babysit for Professor. This is financially as well as academically rewarding.

Tests and Examinations

DON'T:

1. Faint when mimeographed tests are passed out. The questions are just as hard as they look, but there's no use in getting panicky.
2. Use textbook unless absolutely necessary. Be sure to turn down flaps or mark pages so that no time will be lost leafing through table of contents looking for particular poem or story.

(continued on page 19)

THE COLONNADE

LEFT ALONE

(continued from page 7)

There are not so many snakes now—maybe they have gone where the witch is—they are her children—I have no children. Children would have pleased her, but I have no children—no soft, squirming babies. I would have loved my babies—I loved my doll—but the witch took my doll away! It was beautiful—it had yellow curls and blue eyes, but it had no clothes—the poor thing had no clothes. I was a little girl, not a big girl. I don't think the snakes like me—Mama said to be nice and everyone would like me—but see! Ha! The snakes don't like me—many have gone away—don't go away. Mama said . . . It is on the table! I forgot to cut it for supper! Where is the knife? What time is it? He is late. "Don't worry about him—leave him alone. When your father was . . ."

Oh Mama no—hush Mama—shut up Mama! No, it wasn't my fault, but the snakes came anyway and now they are leaving. I'm not glad—no, I'm not glad. I feel safer when they are here. I am so hot and they feel cool—some of them are beautiful—I like to look at them! No, don't go away, snakes—I don't hate you anymore—stay with me—be my babies—I will be good to you, and take care of you—stop! Once upon a time a long time ago, there was a handsome prince. He was the most handsome prince. He came to my palace on a beautiful white horse with silver bells; I heard the bells and one day we walked together. He was my prince! He wasn't hers—but he liked her—my prince liked the witch. They talked together—they sang together—the witch had a horrible voice—it squeaked and shrieked—it made the spiders and the flies run.

There are only three snakes now! And they are very still, very still. They must be asleep. I will be very quiet—I won't awaken them. Sh! I wonder where Mama is—Mama comes every day—I must tell her not to awaken them. Mama always talks! But where is Mama? She comes every day . . . she came the day they brought me here . . . I was in the kitchen—the snakes weren't there then, but Mama was there—he likes aphrodesia . . . She was making it

that day—she always make it! Look! The snakes don't breathe! The snakes don't move. What's wrong, snakes? The snakes are dead! There is only a shell left now. I'm sorry, so sorry. Where is she? Oh God, where? Is she asleep? Yes, she is asleep . . . yes. I mustn't awaken her—I can't! Did I cut it? Oh, yes. God, I did it and they have left me alone!

PIGEONS ON THE GRASS

(continued from page 3)

God in life? No. Maybe death is the answer to God. Yes, yes! It is . . . Death is God and god is Death! But He is afraid of me; he will take me away because I have found him out. Oh you stupid little pigeons in the gutter. You stupid people who worship Death. You are hypocrites; Death has taught you well and you spurn his teachings because you are ignorant and will not understand. You will learn though: you will all meet your god and he will take you away as he is taking me. We will all become part of God and will absorb the world; then there will be nothing. Just Death, our god.

I am not afraid of my Death-god, for I have known him a long time, but I must tell Walt; then I will tell the people so they can prepare for what is to come. Poor, poor people: they are innocent, yet they must die. But that little pigeon on the railing will not die: he will just sit there and smile as we stupid ones are taken away. And he is the cause of my death: he made me think and now I will die and he will live. But I will not let that smiling bird stay; if I must go, I will take him too, evil one. He is so tame I can reach out and take him in my hands; he is soft and warm and he is not afraid of me at all. But you will not smile at me for long, little bird. You have made me mad and you will kill me, but I will kill you first. I can hold you in my hands, and while you grin up at me, I will put my fingers around your neck and squeeze, and squeeze, and squeeze. Now, you demon bird, you are no longer smiling at me. You are limp now and I am happy: you have made me cry, you silly dead bird, but now I can throw my head back and laugh and laugh and laugh.

The Critics' Corner

The Reluctant Debutante

The unique reputation of the Barter Theatre of Virginia invariably precedes it on tour, for the Barter has enjoyed many successful theatrical seasons. It is unfortunate, therefore, that such a potentially enjoyable experience should turn out to be such a disappointment. The Barter's production of William Douglas Home's *The Reluctant Debutante*, presented in Jarman Hall on October 27, was indeed disappointing.

Perhaps a great deal of the failure of the production may be blamed on the script itself. The play concerns the escort problems of an English debutante, a subject which is rather unfamiliar to most American audiences. The story, based on a twist of the old mistaken-identity theme, is the type of sophisticated comedy which other English playwrights, such as Oscar Wilde in *The Importance of Being Earnest*, have handled with much greater success. Mr. Douglas Home has produced some very witty dialogue, but the play is definitely handicapped by the rather commonplace comic conventions of the plot.

The Barter Theatre has long been noted as a testing ground for new young talent and has proved a professional springboard for such "name" stars as Gregory Peck, Hume Cronyn, Ernest Borgnine, Lizbeth Scott and Frank Lovejoy. However, if the talent displayed in *The Reluctant Debutante* is any indication of the future of the acting profession, then the future looks unpromising indeed.

Ned Beatty, as the debutante's long-suffering father, proved amusing enough in spite of the fact that his lines were often obscured by a thick British accent. Diane Hill as the anxious mother showed a carefully-wrought characterization, particularly in her scenes on the telephone, but too frequently appeared artificial or "studied." In the role of the debutante, blonde Carolyn Condron was adequate, if not impressive. And Mitch Ryan as the unacceptable suitor did his professional best in a dismal role which is quite unworthy of his talents. (Mr. Ryan is well remembered here for his portrayal

of the title role in *The Rainmaker* last season.)

Although none of the performances were outstanding, the majority were at least professionally acceptable. The exceptions were Rose Maree Jordon, whose portrayal of Mabel Crosswaite lacked the comic spirit, and Kitty Kreutz, who seemed to lack any spirit at all . . .

The entire play showed occasional flashes of deft direction, which were unfortunately not sustained throughout. After a good start, the pace fell off badly in the second act, as though the actors had suddenly grown weary of the whole affair. The third act improved, but the play never quite regained its initial vigor.

On the technical end of the production, both the set and the costumes appeared to be rather uninspired, although perhaps the limitations of a road show company make this understandable.

Taken as a whole, the production was reasonably successful. However, mere professional adequacy is not what an audience expects for a company with a national reputation. Undoubtedly, there are better productions in the Barter repertoire, and it is unfortunate that *The Reluctant Debutante* was the play chosen to represent the company on tour. It is to be hoped that future productions will bring us a happier choice of material as well as a better presentation of that material.

MOLLY WORKMAN

OEDIPUS REX

Tyrone Guthrie's conception of Greek theatre was exhibited at Longwood on October 20. Mr. Guthrie's idea was sound, so the resultant performance was good. The limitations of the film medium kept some of the "Greekness" out, but *Oedipus Rex* came through without much mutilation—other than the self-inflicted type.

Extreme stylization was the most prominent feature of the film. Of the stylistic devices, the most striking were the masks. After the initial

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shock, one became accustomed to the absence of facial expression. Jocasta's mask, however, was overdone and the faces of some of the chorus members were definitely too gruesome. The lack of facial expression was replaced by vocal inflection, body movement, and what we moderns term "overacting." The "overacting" is another stylistic device which the Greeks used to put the point over clearly to the back rows of the amphitheatre. It seemed ludicrous, because Mr. Guthrie had us suspended somewhere above the altar of Dionysus—a modern miracle which the Greeks were unable to duplicate.

The cast of relative unknowns performed effectively in a professional manner. Their voices were in pleasant contrast and their lines were delivered with great feeling.

The chorus was most impressive. Their main contribution was in providing a flow of action by shifting focus. First they blend with the background; now they overwhelm the king with their mass; now they fade for him to speak. Because of a faulty soundtrack, however, the chorus was often unintelligible. Fortunately, their function was not amplification of sound to the cheap seats in the back of the amphitheatre.

Oedipus Rex was a novel experience and a worthwhile one. However, this critic advises delay before trying to buy the soundtrack album. Lunes, Lowe and Sophocles may concoct a musical version.

PAT CLEVELAND

VAN CLIBURN

October 21, 1958
Richmond, Virginia

"Appassionata" Sonata	Beethoven
Sonata in C major, K.330	Mozart
Sonata No. 6	Prokofieff
Scherzo, C-sharp minor	Chopin
Fantasia, F minor	Chopin
Jeux d'eau	Ravel
Mephisto Waltz	Liszt

After having postponed his debut to a Richmond audience, Van Cliburn made up for any

inconvenience he may have caused the people. On this rainy Tuesday evening a standing-room-only audience heard one of the finest musicians of our day.

At the suggestion of several local musicians, Mr. Cliburn substituted the beloved "*Appassionata*" Sonata of Beethoven for the Bach *Toccata in C minor*. This proved to be a wise choice in many ways. Mr. Cliburn had a deep inner understanding of the composition, and this he managed to transmit to his listeners. Here were to be found both power and subtle tenderness.

The second composition of the evening was the Mozart *Sonata in C major*, K.330. After the highly romantic Beethoven, the Mozart seemed like a breath of fresh air. The wonderful second movement was given one of the finest readings possible. Van Cliburn is the master of floating pianissimo tones.

The long and difficult first half of the program was completed by a performance of Prokofieff's *Sixth Sonata*. This sonata is one of a trilogy written by the contemporary Russian composer commemorating World War II. The fact that such a young musician could even attempt this work is remarkable. That Mr. Cliburn is the master of this music is even more remarkable. This composition, perhaps more than any other in the program, would require a first-rate musician.

After intermission, Mr. Cliburn returned to play two works of Chopin and a piece by Maurice Ravel. The two Chopin pieces were very well done. The Ravel was not so well done. The spirit of impressionistic music does not seem to have communicated itself to Mr. Cliburn. This was the one weak point of the evening.

The last number on the program was Franz Liszt's *Mephisto Waltz*. Satan seems to have literally jumped from the keyboard. Here was a devil full of life and entirely capable of capturing the soul of Faust or any other man. It was a wonderful climax to a fine evening.

Many may have gone to see Van Cliburn out of curiosity. It might be said of him that he came, he was heard, and he conquered his audiences completely.

JOANN L. FIVEL

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Lawrence and Freud

(continued from page 9)

Freud as a mere scientist who was more concerned with clinical theory than with the actual problem of living. He further believed, F. J. Hoffman says, that the patient-analyst relationship "placed too much emphasis upon complete submission on the part of the patient. Lawrence was unwilling to have any one person submit entirely to another; such a condition would destroy the precious germ of organic individuality . . ." which was so vital to his philosophy. Lawrence himself said that "While the Freudian theory of the unconscious . . . is valuable as a *description* of our psychological condition, the moment you begin to *apply* it, and make it master of the living situation, you have begun to substitute one mechanistic or unconscious illusion for another."

It seems fairly obvious, then, that Lawrence took it upon himself to change and amend Freudian psychology to fit his own theories of behavior. But, although the two men worked in different media and from an altogether different point of view, it is apparent that their goals were practically synonymous. Each, in his own way, desired to relieve the world of the great ills of personal disharmony and maladjustment. Freud believed that the answer lay in therapeutic analysis, which involves recognition and *redirection* of the unconscious, instinctual desires; Lawrence believed that it could be found in the perfection of the sexual relationship and the *submission* of the individual to the unconscious or instinctual life.

Sons and Lovers had been Lawrence's psychological biography. In *Lady Chatterley's Lover* the novelist abandoned the fictionalized reality of the earlier work in favor of a fictionalized ideal. *Sons and Lovers* was Lawrence's conception of life as it was; *Lady Chatterley's Lover* was Lawrence's vision of life as it should be. The latter novel also incorporated the author's criticism of society as it affected his idea of a meaningful existence. It is Lawrence's final, definitive statement of his philosophy.

The plot of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is a fairly simple one. A young woman of the higher middle class, Constance Reid, marries Clifford Chatterley, heir to a baronetcy. A few

months after the wedding, Clifford returns from the First World War, seriously wounded. Although he eventually recovers, he remains a hopeless cripple, paralyzed from the hips down and therefore incapable of fulfilling his role as a husband. Upon the death of Clifford's father shortly afterwards, the baronetcy passes to his son, and the new Lord and Lady Chatterley moved into "Wragby," the family seat in the coal-mining Midlands.

Frustrated in her marriage relationship and lacking children or other compensations which might have absorbed her energies, Connie turns to an affair with a shallow young playwright called Michaelis. This unsatisfactory relationship is soon terminated. Then Connie becomes attracted to Oliver Mellors, the gamekeeper at Wragby. At this point, the novel becomes a phallic gospel. The physical and spiritual fulfillment which Connie finds in her relationship with Mellors is the focal point of the novel and the ideal culmination of Lawrence's desire to live in harmony with the bodily consciousness as opposed to the mental. Because she has found the true source of happiness—the ideal sexual relationship — Connie repudiates her husband, her wealth and her position and tells Clifford that she loves Mellors, is expecting to bear his child, and wishes to marry him. Clifford, furious, refuses to give her a divorce, but the novel closes with the assurance that he will eventually free her.

The character of Mellors in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is Lawrence's answer to Freud and the psychoanalysts. Mellors is, F. J. Hoffman says, "the complete Lawrencian man . . . for he has kept aloof both from the repressive forces of modern industrialism and from the petty intellectualism of Clifford's tribe." Mellors, the sensualist, the antithesis of Clifford, is Lawrence's defense of the "religion of the blood." The tender, vital, frankly sensual relationship between Mellors and Connie is the novelist's key to personal peace and contentment. In that sense, the sexual relationship in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* is as much of a therapeutic method as Freudian psychoanalysis. Lawrence believed that the sexual act "enables both man and woman to go to the deepest sources of their natures, and thus to understand themselves and to know clearly their separate

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and complementary roles." To Lawrence, sex was not the be-all and end-all of existence, but a source of renewal by means of which man and woman might rediscover and re-energize Self. Thus, what Freud would achieve through psychoanalysis, Lawrence would achieve in the physical intimacy of marriage.

The secondary or sub-thesis of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* concerns Lawrence's view of modern society. In the novelist's opinion, industrialization has robbed man of his vitality. The working men of England, as symbolized by the mining class to which Lawrence belonged, have become so dependent upon their weekly wage that they have forgotten how to live. And their economic dependence upon mine owners such as Clifford condemns them to misery and poverty and ugliness. Lawrence's most articulate statement of this problem and his proposed solution is found in the letter from Mellors to Connie, which forms the conclusion of the novel.

"If you could only tell them that living and spending isn't the same thing! But it's no good. If only they were educated to *live* instead of earn and spend, they could manage very happily on twenty-five shillings. If the men wore scarlet trousers, as I said, they wouldn't think so much of money; if they could dance and hop and skip, and sing and swagger and be handsome, they could do with very little cash. And amuse the women themselves, and be amused by the women. They ought to learn to be naked and handsome, and to sing in a mass and dance the old group dances, and carve the stools they sit on, and embroider their own emblems. Then they wouldn't need money. And that's the only way to solve the industrial problem: train the people to be able to live, and live in handsomeness, without needing to spend. But you can't do it. They're all one-track minds nowadays. Whereas the mass of people oughtn't even to try to think, because they cannot! They should be alive and frisky, and acknowledge the great god Pan. He's the only god for the masses, forever. The few can go in for higher cults if they like. But let the mass be forever pagan."

Although this kind of approach would seem to be a plea for primitivism, it is, of course, advanced metaphorically rather than as a realistic solution to the problem. Lawrence's swaggering, scarlet-trousered men represent an *attitude* toward life, and attitude which he believed would release the working man from his bondage to the ruling classes. Unlike socialism, Lawrence's solution is not dependent upon a theory of class equality nor even upon an

economic principle, save in a negative sense. To Lawrence, it is the pressure of society which cripples the individual; but, since the individual is an intrinsic part of society, the revolution must come from within. In this sense, Lawrence agrees with Freud, who also believed that man's salvation lay within himself. Freud, however, would work within the framework of existing society. Lawrence would tear down the old framework and build it anew.

During their lifetime, both Lawrence and Freud came into contact with official censorship. Their separate yet similar opinions met with similar opposition because both men based their theories upon the knowledge and interpretation of a social taboo. Both were denounced as immoral and accused of being freaks or temporary fads. The passage of time, however, has served to clarify and solidify the position of both scientist and novelist, although certain groups still oppose psychoanalysis, and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* has not yet been published in America in an unexpurgated form!

PRIMA DONNA

I dare not acknowledge my ego
When she appears undraped.
I tremble to see her stand starkly
Clutching a frayed cheesecloth robe.
Then I rush to hide the mirrors
From her merciless frown
Before she discovers her drab face.

I must dress her in saffron and mauve
And draw her whalebone tightly
To my prescribed dimensions.
After I powder her scars.
She is prepared for the pedestal again.

I am her servant for life, it seems.

LAVERNE COLLIER

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The Laughter of Little Children

(continued from page 5)

floor painted brightly with smiling clowns and roller-coasters. The trees outside, like wounded soldiers, wound and twisted their bodies forward and backward in agony, screaming and calling into the rain and fog filled night. Timmy slept. The wind pounded frantically against the cottage, while its inhabitants slept.

The thunder competed with the screaming wind and pounding rain for an audience! BAA-ROOMmmm! It shook a window loose and sent it smashing to the floor. Timmy sat upright in bed, his dark, tossed hair contrasted sharply with the pale of his cheeks. All was silent for a moment save the thump, thump, thump of a tiny heart. A brilliant flash of light lit up a corner of his room—a ray gun, a space helmet and tribes and tribes of Indians were piled in careless fashion against a wall covered with sacred pictures. Lightning flashed again, illuminating a picture of Christ with a child upon his knee, birds on his shoulder and flowers at his feet. The figures seemed to have moved in that split-second of illumination and settled again when the light faded.

Timmy crawled cautiously from his bed and edged his way along the wall toward the broken window. Another flash of light appeared—silence—thump, thump, thump, BAA-ROOMmmm! One dying soldier swept forth a hand and clutched a row of swinging wires—pissss-tt—whoss! A sheet of fire raced along the wires down the soldier's arm, enfolded his body and groped frantically for another near by. Timmy stood frozen with fright. "The world is going to end tomorrow—the devil is goin' to put matches . . ." The thunder roared and the rain fell harder and the wind tore at all in its path. Timmy stooped to the floor, his eyes still on the blaze outside his window. His tiny hands scanned the area behind him and came to rest on a slightly-used space helmet. ". . . and everybody'll have to wear space helmets 'cause the stairs'll be high as space ships go."

In the room across the house Mr. Cox was hurriedly dressing. As a storm warden in the lake region it was his job to help at the dam. Mrs. Cox was also stirring. "Will you be long, Harold?"

"Only as long as it takes to check the water level. You and Timmy'll be all right 'til mornin' won't you? It should be daylight in an hour or so. Higgins down the valley got the weather report reading and this is the worst of the storms, but it should pass us 'fore daylight." Mr. Cox left by the kitchen door where a car was waiting.

Timmy heard the door slam. "Mommy and Daddy have gone to climb the ladder. They've left me all alone. Please, God, send me an angel! Help me climb the ladder!" Timmy crawled backwards toward the door. His eyes would not leave the growing sheet of flame. Flashes of light lit his face to distortion. He put the helmet in place and ran through the living room to the front door of the cottage. Timmy struggled with the latch until the door swung open and banged against the inside wall. Down the walk and across the front lawn limbs from giant oaks floated weightlessly through the air. Bits of trash and an occasional garbage can lid scraped and scurried along the ground.

Timmy ran. He fell, but picking himself up he raced on. "She could put water on her; then the fire couldn't get her . . ." Timmy's light pajamas were soaked with rain and clung to his body—a form of pink in the blackness. He stopped to catch his breath. More trees had caught fire. Timmy ran toward the lake. The rain had swollen the water until it pushed and shoved far above its bed. The fire cast a glow of dull yellow across the black water. Timmy fell again. This time he fell into a shallow hole near the shore of the rising lake. A rock sheltered him from the wind. Too exhausted to move, Timmy remained crouched where he had fallen.

"Timmy—Timmy!" A hoarse cry rose in the frantic atmosphere. "Where are you? Where are you?"

". . . and God will call his people." Timmy's faint answer was lost in the fury. ". . . an angel will come and help you climb the ladder . . ." This thought was comforting. He was no longer afraid. Timmy slept.

Morning dawned and with it the hush of the after-storm. A white truck half submerged in mud was parked on the shore. A crowd had gathered, a quiet crowd. Two men in white

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knelt in the mud attending the swollen body of a child stretched limply across a canvas. "Cut the respirator. I think he's coming around."

A battered face blue from cold and lack of oxygen gazed blankly from the stretcher. "You've come to help me climb the stairs." Timmy smiled and said no more.

A tearful man in black, Bible in hand, stepped from the crowd, stood in the mud and prayed. "... and may the souls of the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen."

And the laughter of little children shall ring throughout the corridors of heaven.

Helpful Hints For English

(continued from page 12)

DO:

1. Bring a ream of paper and a whole bottle of ink to all tests.
2. Bring liniment for relief of writer's cramp. Professor's tests are always long.
3. Become familiar with Professor's method of marking papers. Favorite hieroglyphics are: "Ugh!" "?" "Vague" "Why?" "Maybe" "!" "Your point escapes me." "F."

Miscellaneous

DON'T:

1. Tell the Professor who wrote this!

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